

THE COMET.

Saturday, February 15, 1879

For THE COMET: PARTED.

BY VALENTINE VOX.

As said, that we, who long have trod,
Should part and parting meet no more.
Should greet each morning day,
With cheer upon our golden shore,
And hearts crushed low 'neath Fate's stern rod.

I dreamed not, when I placed my hand,
Within yours, that 'twould come to this.
I dreamed not, that in all the land,
Was sought to mar our future bliss.

In Autumn when the woods were brown,
And rustle sounds were sweet,
We strayed beneath a spreading tree,
And you, low at my feet,
By words of love and constancy,
Made my full heart with joy rebound.

I thought not as you kissed my cheek,
And whispered words of love and bliss,
That I within a few short weeks,
Would aught of pain or anguish know.

You seemed so earnest and so true,
My faith in you was strong;
But ah, alas, my deep control,
The perils of a song!
For you are not to guilt leave sent,
Althwart your path the tempter dwells.

Some other girl with face more sweet,
Than mine, now holds your captive heart;
Some other girl your fortune ekes,
And bids you from her never part.

For her you throw my love away,
And made mine image less;
For her you cast me to the tide,
Of dark unpopularity.
In her you warm thoughts ever glide,
As glides the wind across the bay.

Then left me, to-day we part—
We part and nevermore to meet,
Yet in the years to come your heart,
I know will sometimes eke me out.
And naught the burning pain can save,
As men's eyes dwell on her woe-form,
Low lies within the silent grave,
Glimpses, Miss, Feb. 14, 1879.

CONFIDENCE MAN FROM MISSISSIPPI.
He Com's to Grief on His First Attempt to Realize on Forged Paper.

Yesterday evening a thief young man called himself, John King, but who in reality is one Hugh Watson, of Carrollton, was nipped in a little financial speculation whereby, if he had succeeded, he would have been the richer by \$700, and Messrs. Meyer, Weiss & Co., power to that extent.

King selected a time when business was brisk, and ambled into the establishment of Messrs. Meyer, Weiss & Co., on Common street, between Monroe and Carrollton, let, he tendered a sight draft for \$700, dated at Union Church, Miss., Feb. 1, and purporting to be signed by J. W. Schreiner.

In explanation thereof he stated that he was John King, in propria persona, formerly the proprietor of a saloon at Union Church, and that the "value received" in the eight draft was for the store, stock, and barrel, which he had sold to W. Schreiner.

Unfortunately for Watson, it so happened that Mr. Schreiner's signature was as familiar to the firm as a treasury note, or the figure-head on a trade dollar, and hence, Watson's game did not succeed. He was detained in conversation until Corporal Graham and Officer Clark were summoned, and then quietly given in charge.

En route to the station he told Corporal Graham his name and chain to allow him to escape, and unfolded his entire argument by saying that the Corporal could have no interest in the matter beyond making the arrest. Watson was nevertheless locked up, and on arraignment before Judge Sheahan was committed to await hearing in default of bail in the sum of \$1000.

When searched, a letter was found in his possession, addressed to Hugh Watson, R. B. Stodds, Carrollton. It was dated Jefferson county, Fayette, Miss., and signed by J. B. McCracken. The letter, among other items, informed Watson that the old man had withdrawn from his bonds, and that he had better write and fix it.

A Romance in Real Life.
Lachrymose.
An observant spectator will notice that the first story windows of a large house at the corner of Norfolk street, London, presents a peculiar appearance. The shutters are up, and they are covered thickly with dirt, while through the blinds can be seen the blinds, also thick with dirt, and muddied away with age. These shutters and blinds have been in exactly the same position, untouched, for more than forty years.

And the reason is this: Forty years ago—more than forty—Lord Epsom was engaged to be married, the day was fixed, the wedding morning arrived, the breakfast was laid out in the spacious and handsome room, the bridegroom was ready to proceed to church, when it was discovered that the bride was missing. A note in her handwriting was addressed to the bridegroom, briefly informing him that she had eloped that morning with his best man, a gay and gallant Captain of Dragoons. The jilted bridegroom did not say much, but he went to the room in which the wedding breakfast was laid out with his own hands, put up the shutters and drew the blinds, locked the door and took the key. He gave orders that the doors should be nailed up and barred with padlocks, and that no one should enter the room again. When the house was let it was stipulated that the room in question should remain untouched, and the sum of £200 per annum was paid to the tenant to keep him from the depreciation of the use of the room. The room has never been entered since the day he closed it, and there are the wedding meals mouldering silently away, and the ornaments crumbling into dust in the fustian gloom.

Bible Poetry.
From Isaiah.
The book of Job is superior to all of the sacred writings; as a composition it is sublime, beautiful and scientific, full of sentiment, and abounding in grand metaphorical descriptions. The writer may be said not to describe, but to render visible, what ever he treats of. In the last act, where Jehovah interposes and addresses Job out of a whirlwind, to decide the controversy between him and Satan, is an idea as grand as poetical imagination can conceive. The book of Job bears undoubted marks of antiquity, as the following astronomical allusion will show. It says, wherefore is made to say to Job in the style of regardant, "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of Pleiades?" In the book of Isaiah there is a sentence in the poetical composition of his sentences. As many people believe in dreams we shall conclude this article with the first two verses of the thirty-fourth chapter of Ecclesiastes:

"The hope of man vain of understanding are vain and false, and dreams lift up fools."
"Whereas regardeth the dreamer is like him that cateneth at a shadow and followeth after the wind."
There are many passages in the Bible which we hope the Bible revision committee will omit.

LOD ULLAN'S DAUGHTER.

The Fact in the Case Set Forth in Humble Prose.

Old City Derrick.

A Chieftain to the Highland bound, cries, "Boastman, do not tarry, and I'll give you a dollar and a half to row us across the lake."
"Now, who be ye would cross Loch-Loch?" the dark and stormy night?" asked the ferryman, with much curiosity.

"What is that to you, you bald-headed snipe of the valley?" replied the Chieftain, growing pale about the gills. "If I pay you a good round sum for your services it appears to me your interest in the matter should be gone. Do you require the pittance of every man, woman or child you take across in your infernal scow? If it wasn't that I'm in a hurry I'd smack your jaws for your impudence, but as it is, I'm the Chief of Ullan's Isle, and this—Lord Ullan's daughter, His horsemen hard behind us, and should they overtake us here in the glen it would go hard with us."

Out spoke the hardy Highland knight, while he unlocked his scabbard and told them to get on. "I'll go, my Chief, I'm ready; but considering the terrible storm, I hope you will make it two dollars, although, as a matter of fact, I do not venture forth for a mere money consideration, but for your personal safety. I have been there to some extent myself, and can appreciate the situation, so, by my word, the bonny bird in danger shall not tarry. Sit a little more in the middle to trim the boat, please, and here we go."

By this the storm grew loud a pace, the water wrath a shrieking, and other things looked most mighty dark. But still, as wilder grew the storm, and as the rain grew denser, adown the glen rode at least a dozen men, with old Ullan at the head on a cream colored mare. "Oh haste thee, haste!" the lady cries, "though tempest round us gather, I'll meet the raging storm, but not my angry pet." So on they roared, the roar of waters fast prevailing, and when Lord Ullan reached the shore his wrath was dreadful to behold. And no wonder. For sore dismayed, through storm and shade, he discovered his daughter out in a boat with a smile on her lip, and salt spray in her eye, and both arms around her lover. For a while it seemed that he would take it out of his hired men and the cream colored mare, as indicated he would have the former beheaded as soon as he got home, and the latter he was hammering over the ears with a club. Presently he took another tack: "Come back! come back!" he cried, in grief, "across the stormy water, and I'll forgive your highland boy, my daughter! oh, my daughter! and also settle the bill with the ferryman."

But the young lady could not be caught so easily. Neither could the young man who told the ferryman to prose on, and then turning around in the boat, still keeping one arm about his sweetheart to prevent her falling out, called to the old gentleman: "Foolish old fellow, for your kind invitation, my dear sir, but we will not come back at present. You can expect us, however, in the course of a week or ten days. Till then adieu!" Lord Ullan called again. "Twas vain: the lady waves her hand the shore, returns, they would not come back. It would take minutes they were on the other side, the ferryman was wondering what he would do with a twenty dollar gold piece, and the young couple were inquiring the way to the nearest justice of the peace."

The daily-maid pensively walked the goat, and peering she passed to mother—
"I wish, you truly, you would turn to milk."
And the animal turned to butter her.

Why is a crow a political institution?
Because he's a crow.

It is asserted that P. E. T. Holman is the proprietor of the Old City Derrick.

"Life is what we make it," says the poet. But when we make it spades and then get enriched, we all have a feeling of questioning the poet—Giovanna Enterpriser.

GENERAL SPENCER says the climate of Florida cures his rheumatism. Now if he could only find something that would take the creep out of his signature.—Burlington Hawkeye.

The action of Potter in regard to the other dispatches principally reminds us of the action of the California bar who had earlier a grizzly bear all day long, and suddenly abandoned the pursuit just in front of the den, with the remark that the trail was getting "too darned fresh."

"Have you Brown Eyes," inquired a charming brunette, as she raised her soft and melting eyes to a clerk whose optics are of the particular color described, in a music store. He blushed modestly, and replied: "Yes, Miss, you know I have; but of what possible interest can that be to you?" "Oh the music I want," she softly responded.—Musical Review.

He was sitting by the fire,
With a shiver on every summit
Till her chair did intercept
When he kissed her on the nose,
That he carried when she snuggled
Watson's dryer.

How Allen Bridges Caused Trouble to Grow Profane in Meeting.

1616 the Rev. Samuel Whitting, D. D., was minister of Lynn, Massachusetts. One Quailan Turner kept a journal at that time, in which occurs the following: "1616, June 3d, Allen Bridges hath been chosen to wake sleepers in meeting, being much proud of his place, must have a fox tail laid to ye end of a long staff, wherewith he may lash the faces of them yt will have naps in time of discourse, likewise a sharp thorn wherewith he may prick such as be most sordid. On ye last Lord's day, as he strutted about ye meeting house, he did say Mr. Tomline sleeping with much comfort, his head kept steady by being in ye corner, and his hand grasping ye rail. And one spying Allen, did quickly thrust his staff behind Dame Isabel and gave him a grievous prick upon ye hand, wherewith Mr. Tomline did spring up much above ye floor, and with terrible force strike his head against ye wall, also to ye great wonder of all, prophane exclaim, in a loud voice, 'Cuss the Wicked churk!' he was saying as it seemed, yt a woodchuck had seized and bit his hand. But on coming to know where he was, and ye great scandal he had committed, he seemed much abashed but did not speak.

And I think he will not assume to go to sleep in meeting. Ye women many sometimes sleep and none know it by reason of their enormous bonnets. Mr. Whitting doth pleasantly say yt from ye pulpit he doth seem to be preaching to stacks of straw with none jutting here and there among them."

Financial Gloom in England.
The Times of December 21st, in its financial summary for 1878, says: "Industries have been disorganized, credit shaken, and failures multiplied on every hand. It is stated on good authority that the failures of this year will be nearly 2000 in number, more than last year, and it would be difficult to say where the distress will end. Not only have wages been reduced, and many thousands thrown out of employment, but many thousands also of those above the artisan class are either in actual want or on the verge of it. The increasing number of persons driven to great need of aid on their efforts, is a significant proof of what is going on in the ranks of the lower middle class."

Shooting on the Wing.

Sothern, the actor is said to have devoted a part of each Summer's vacation to fishing and hunting in Canada. F. G. de Fontaine, in his inimitable biography of the actor, relates a little incident which occurred at Quebec, when Florence, George Holland and Sothern were rambling through the town waiting for the steamer. They had started down the principal street.

Suddenly Florence commenced to yell. "Hi, hi, there! You—man with the birds! Hi, hi, come here!" Sothern and Holland turned to see what the ulster was all about, and observed Florence gestulating to a man on the other side of the street who was carrying a lot of birds on a string. Sothern said:

"Florence, what the mischief is that row?" Florence replied: "Sh-h-h-h! Birds, my boy, birds. We'll buy them from this sportsman and take them down with us; it will be a pleasant change of diet—broiled birds on toast, you know."

By this time the "sportsman" had crossed the street, and was standing before the trio. He was rather a singular sort of a fellow, and withal a German. His face about as expressive as a Bologna sausage, and though not deaf, it seemed to take minutes for each inquiry to reach his understanding. This at first made Florence think he couldn't hear. Billy opened the negotiations by asking:

"Do you want to sell your birds?" The Teutonic sportsman, after a long, dull look, replied, "Vot?"

"I say," repeated Billy, much louder, "do you want to sell your birds?" The same long, dull look from the man, and then he drawled out, "Vell, yes, I think I do."

"Well, how much for them?" "Vot?" with the same stolidity as before.

"I say how much for them?" howled Florence.

"You buy dem?" "Of course I'll buy them; how much do you want for them?"

"You buy dem all?" "Yes, yes, I'll buy them all. Come, now, let's finish the bargain."

"Vot?" with the same stolid look. "Oh, Lord!" said Billy, now getting red in the face. "What a stupid fellow! Look here! how much for the birds?"

The matter of some for the first time seemed to understand, for he commenced very slowly and in the most exasperating way, to deliberately count his miserable bunch. Florence was getting impatient, and just going to hawl out again, when the man looked at him as before, and slowly remarked:

"Vell, I will dem for two dollars." "All right," said Billy. "Now, where did you shoot them?"

"Vere I shoot 'em?" "Yes, where?" "I shoot dem mit der woods out. Would you like I shoot birds in my front bar?"

This rather staggered Billy, and they all commenced to laugh at him, for he was now the color of a boiled lobster; but, yelling at the top of his voice, he replied:

"Why, of course I suppose you shot them in the woods; but how did you shoot them?"

"I say, how did you shoot them?" "How I shoot 'em?"

"Yes, how? Did you shoot them on the wing?"

"Did you shoot them on the wing?" howling in his ear.

"I shoot 'em on der wing?" Here Florence went through a pantomime with his arms to describe a bird using its wings. The sportsman gravely looked at Billy for a moment, and then replied:

"Vell, I shud barbidular; some I shoods on der wing, some I shoods on der head, and some I shoods on der tail. It's all der same so long vot I got 'em."

And then he looked at Billy as though he was saying internally, "Vot idea; shoot birds on der wing! Vot vol mun!"

Billy bought the birds and left instantly, observing that he felt sure gunning as a high art did not flourish in Canada.

There is nothing new under the sun but the learned doctor—Fon du Lac Reporter.

Col. J. F. H. Claiborne, from the records on file with the Adams Light Infantry, a volume record of the number of companies which left Nashville to serve during the late war between the States, and many others connected with them. It appears from this report that the number of companies which left the city of Nashville was thirteen, and the other figures are as follows:

Aggregate of officers and men.....1418
Killed or died of wounds.....144
Killed accidentally.....5
Died of disease.....24
Disabled by wounds.....23
Total dead and disabled.....226
Discharged for disability.....146
Discharged for other causes.....28
Transferred and commuted.....29
Transferred without promotion.....32
Resigned.....18
Aggregate losses from all causes.....400

Religious Experience in Nevada.
Rev. (Mrs.) Gazette.

"I'm going to church to-morrow," remarked a well-known citizen of Reno, with a red face, in Sanchez's saloon.

"Why?" demanded an astonished fellow old-timer.

"Well, you see," explained the gentleman, "I don't intend for the first time in nine years, and I feel ever so much better than if I'd put in the day at pedro or poker, as usual. Somehow, seem so many well-dressed, decent people in a crowd, and I feel so much better. I don't know the boys in the boss racket, you kin bet on that. Every leadin' citizen had ought to go to church."

Dumas' Proposition to Duellists.
By the way, the elder Dumas left Napoleon once upon a time, under peculiar circumstances. One fine morning he printed an article in which he assailed the Italian people in a manner—vigorous then—controversial. At eight o'clock the paper came out; by noon, sixty, at one p. m. he called a meeting of the one hundred and twenty friends of his challenges, and said unto them:

Gentlemen, I leave Napoleon to-night, and therefore have not time to fight all your principals singly. Nevertheless, I am anxious to give them the satisfaction in my power; as I have the choice of weapons, I propose fighting with pistols, your sixty principals will be collected into a group, and, on receiving the word, fire a volley at me, and I'll blaze away into the crowd.

The proposition was not accepted.

The Manhattan Bank, in New York, was robbed of over three millions in bonds some time since. No clue has been discovered to the robbery, and the securities may never be recovered; and yet the robbers actually attempted to open negotiations with the bank through four respectable attorneys of New York City, for the return of the bonds, on condition that the bank would pay them a large reward. The proposition was not accepted because of the probable re-issue of Government bonds in place of those stolen. And yet it must be set down as one of the curiosities of New York criminal life that the undetected robbers of a bank can open direct communication with the victims of their robbery, through "respectable attorneys," without exposing themselves to risk of arrest.—Memphis Herald.

GAIL HAMILTON to Blaine—"Not now Jim; I'll tell you when to be sunstruck."—New York Star.

The rule of three—husband, wife and mother-in-law over the helpless hired girl.—New York News.

"Two much shirt-collar and too little young man," is the girl's verdict on the average beau of the period.—Harper's Bazar.

"What," said an inquisitive young lady, "is the most popular color for a bride?" We may be a little particular in such matters, but we should prefer a white one.—J. G. Bennett.

Is common with all people of good taste, we just doat on Tennyson, but we do think he piles it on a little too strong when he makes "balun" rhyme with "falcon"—Hawkeye.

The Atlanta Constitution severely calls Fred Grant "Kernal." That's the whole thing in a nutshell.—Kookuk Constitution.

O, ain't you a wetback moke to crack so absurd a joke?—Hawkeye.

"Two things," said Kant, "fill me with awe; the starry heavens, and the sense of our responsibility in man." To the last he ought have added that filling himself with beer and falling on a stone pavement, presents the "starry heavens" in all their magnificence.—Temperance Journal.

The Princess Louise, it is predicted, will work a notable dress reform among the women of this continent. Her attire is very simple, and she makes no display of jewels. At a recent entertainment at Rideau Hall she wore no ornaments whatever, not even a brooch. Her manners are charming, her good, whether he be a prime minister or a trembling child, she places instantly at ease. She is a most gentle and kindly young lady.

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